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I'm



identity

dark

freeform

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Chapter 1 by Queerio Cheerio*Tell me who you are*

I'm a broke down bastard cyber pop witch
 I'm a hellgender fucked off kicked down trashworm
 I'm a slime girl party fresh sick neon angel
 I'm under the el waiting for star dreams and semen to take me home
 Home is gutters and sewers flooded by glitterpaint
 Home is lost and far away and hunted by templars
 Home is tragic and raining and always on the news
 Home is first page in the daily mail and everything they say is true
 It's true I fucked the sun and got paid for it
 It's true I spent the money on drugs to fuel the revolution
 It's true I hate god and hate politics and hate you (you most of all)
 It's true all hope is gone and surrendering is all I have left.
 My inventory reads as so:
 One catkin cut from a leopard who taught me how to write

Two sticks of gum chewed already by the hobo I once loved

Three needles ready to bring me back to life

Infinite stars given by the

All this is honest and none of it is true,

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I contradict my contradictions as if it will bring me to the unholy orgasm promised by the online accords -

Maybe one day

I shall know myself.

Chapter 2 by The Art of Suffering



I can't tell you who I am.

According to the rest of the world, I am no one.

I am a failure.

I am a screw up.

I am an emo freak.

I am a waste of space and air.

Though I try as I might,

Though I walk a thousand miles,

Though I beg and plead and cry,

Though I say I'm sorry...

It's never enough for you.

You never accept me,

You never believe me,

You never defended me,

You never wanted me.

I tried to tell you,

But you just ignore me.

So let me tell you the truth;

I am a coward.

A bastard.

A jerk.

A friend.

A sister

A daughter

A fighter

A lover

A caretaker

A teacher

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A listener.
A shoulder to cry on.
A therapist.
A goth girl.
A freak.
A geek.
A nerd.
A musician.
An artist.
A defender of the truth.
A seeker.
A hider.

I am scared.
I am tired.
I am angry.
I am melancholy.
I am depressed.
I am confused.
I am full of hate.
I am mean.
I am closed off.

But I am not less than I look.
I am not just the girl in the back of the class.

I am beautiful, inside and out.
I am kind.
I am caring.
I am in love.

I am cared for.
I am protected.
I am not alone.
I am not the only one fighting.
I am strong.

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I can throw my razors away.
I can resist the temptation.
I can drown my demons even though they know how to swim.
I can stop trying to commit suicide.
I can stop lying to everyone.
I can stop faking smiles.
I can stop saying I'm fine.

I am loved.
I am strong.
I am alive.

I am Taryn, and I can make it through this.

Chapter 3 by Queerio Cheerio



I'm always hungry and never enough. I'm always running places and getting nowhere. I'm always stuck in this cursed flower skin. I'm always breaking promises and truly so very sorry. I'm always going to be this - this fed up, this unhappy, this broken. I'm always wanting to give up. I'm always afraid of the dark but the light hurts so much. I'm always in love with myself and I hate him. I'm always stuck and I set the glue. I'm always close up but can't ever get there. I'm always a perfectionist and perfection doesn't exist. I'm always found wanting, wanting fast cars and moist skin and pretty grades and dear god,

Isn't living terrible?

Chapter 4 by theheidi doll



i am you in twenty years
and it breaks my heart to say-
that it doesn't get easier
it doesn't get better

you just become an expert
at finding reasons to go on

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the eloquence of your pain
strikes deep in my ancient heart

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reminds me of a thousand lifetimes ago
when i still thought i had a future
that dark, sweet thing that i was
aches for you who suffer now
after so many years
my mind and my arms reach out from the past
to hold you and give you grace

you are unique but not special
the struggle is real but nothing new
everyone so alone in the suffering
dozens of bretheren within reach
but who will reach?

i am a connector
a bringer of broken pieces
a troubleshooter
clarity is my gift and my curse
i miss the age of knowing everything
now i just know too much
haven't decided which is worse
banging my head against the wall
wanting, needing to know WHY?
or the moment i saw it all in black and white
stark-undeniable truth
and it DIDN'T MATTER
knowing changes NOTHING

take heart and take heed
life has no meaning

except what YOU give it
there are no real external forces
it all comes from within
it's hard and it sucks and it
but it's yours

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it's the only thing you truly possess
the only thing you can actually control
so if you know the sheer volume of real
the giant power of your substance
let it hold you when you are frail
protect you when you are afraid
guide you when all seems dark
TRUST IN YOU

love always,
myself from the past

Chapter 5 by AaronRayne



I'm something way out there, somewhere out in the sky, where the stars are.
I've lived my whole life burning while also freezing
I'm scarred, branded by Hell itself, outcast from everything and everyone.
I'm just a thing.
Sometimes I wonder if I'm even human anymore.
But that's just the sleep deprivation talking
Hallucinating is just my religion and way of life.
Insanity.
It's always creeping up on me.
It's like an old friend or my own personal demon made to torture me.
But what's the difference?
I'm just some guy.
Or am I even a guy?
Testosterone doesn't make a man, yet I can't be a girl because of my beard.
I'm just something unfinished, incomplete.
And I wish I could be whole.
But I can never be

My name is Aaron and I'm a little odd

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Chapter 6 by Madmen13

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I am a pretty piece of colorful glass

I am the busted clockwork ballerina

Grease, linoleum floors, polished vinyl, and polished memories...

My home is bamboo-lined treasury, and rotten wood.

Home is like the bottom of the bathtub that hasn't been scrubbed.

Silicon teddy bears, acetone-fingered manequin...

My girl was a thrashing malevolent, ceramic briber valkyrie.

My boy is a touchy sassy statue of glass. His skin showed weakness for the girl.

Selfishly soulful sensitivity.

A mini amber cloud jellyfish, amethyst sands and quartz, and a slimy slithering rubber ducky...

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